Enter Nim, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, Hoſter, and a boy.

Hoſt. I prethee ſweet heart,
Let me bring thee ſo farre as *Staines*.
Piſt. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, ſir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Hoſt. I, he is in *Arthors* boſome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryſombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuſt at turning of the tide;
His noſe was as ſharpe as a pen;
For when I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets,
And talke of flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now ſir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no ſuch need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ſtone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ſtone.
And ſo vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as ſtone.
Nim. They ſay he cride out on Sacke.
Hoſt. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Hoſt. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & ſed they were diuels incarnate.
Hoſt. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Hoſt. Indeed he did in ſome ſort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hoſtes, do you remember he ſaw a Flea ſtand
Vpon *Bardolfes* noſe, and ſed it was a blacke ſoule
Burning in hell?

Bard.